

## Our Little Secret

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# Our Little Secret

by [KayJayTeal](#)

## Summary

Jaime and Brienne want to wait until the right time to tell her father - and Jaime's business partner - that they are enamored with each other. But can they keep their hands off each other long enough to reveal it their way or will Selwyn find out first?

## Notes

Happy greetings and apologies, dear readers! I am filing at deadline for reasons I will divulge in full later. (Mostly procrastination and deadline pressure!)

This is the prompt: "Jaime is Selwyn's business partner and he & Brienne are sneaking around behind Selwyn's back. Bonus points if canonical age difference is emphasized."

More of what you're looking for will follow shortly!

## Under Wraps

Brienne watched through her office window as her father backed his car slowly out of his space and ease out of the parking lot.

Only one car remained in the small lot. She and the owner of that luxury SUV were due at Evenfall for dinner in an hour. Brienne claimed to be not quite ready to go yet, and the marble company's other business partner said he had a late conference call. She could ride with him.

Now Jaime Lannister slipped his arms around her middle and inclined his chin up to fit on her left shoulder, kissing her neck on the way. She stilled.

"Jaime!" she gasped. "He could see you!"

"He won't. I'm standing behind you and conveniently hidden from view." She could feel his smirk on her neck as Jaime tilted his head to the side, kissing up the side and back of her skull. Brienne welcomed the feel of his soft, warm lips on her skin. "Besides," Jaime said quietly, "he's gone. I set the alarm. It's just us."

Brienne reached for the stick to close the blinds, twisting it slowly in her long fingers as the natural light in the room dimmed and she savored the feel of Jaime's stubble on her skin.

He suddenly arched his back to lift her off the ground and spun them away from the window. Brienne squealed and laughed. "Jaime! You'll hurt yourself."

He set her feet back on the ground in the middle of the room and stepped around to stand in front of her, pulling her in for a long kiss with his left hand cupping her ear. He pulled his head back just enough to give them both a moment to breathe.

"I'm strong enough," he murmured, smiling. "As you well know."

"Yes," she said fondly, matching his grin. "That you are."

Brienne felt herself melt into him as she wrapped one arm around his shoulders and the other under an arm and up his muscular shoulder. She adored kissing Jaime, being so close, feeling wanted. She loved how her mouth felt moving with his, both sucking the other's tongue past their teeth, licking and tasting. Right now she felt like she couldn't breathe him in enough and sought to extend their lip lock as long as possible.

"I noticed you took your leggings off," Jaime said, moving to ruck up her skirt. His weaker right hand slid up her thigh, fingers deftly stroking up to her hip and his left stroked her stomach. He groaned. "No panties, either?"

Brienne wore a white button-down blouse with a long black skirt that featured a slit up one side. She ditched the leggings she wore underneath, and her undergarment, half an hour ago.

“I got hot,” she said lowly, kissing wherever she could reach on his neck. “We don’t have much time.”

She worked to undo Jaime’s pants while he backed up to the leather couch alongside one wall. She found it created a more comfortable atmosphere when anyone came into the office to chat with her. Today she had conveniently laid the throw blanket on the seat cushion in the event Jaime ended up in just this position.

“So thoughtful,” he whispered before he plopped down, his pants having fallen to his ankles, and she straddled him, her skirt pushed up around her waist. “You’re always thinking of me. Always ready for me-ahh!”

His last word turned into a sound of exclamation as she sank onto him. It was amazing to Brienne how well they fit and how wanton she had become in such a short time. She slid down his shaft easily, feeling as though she had been wet for him since he breezed into the office this afternoon, back from the latest business trip. She braced herself against the wall and squeezed him with her thighs as he held her hips.

“Gods,” Jaime panted, mouthing at her collarbone. “I’ve been ... counting down the minutes ... to this moment.”

Equally marvelous to Brienne was her effect on Jaime. He seemed instantly hard for her and she could feel him throbbing inside her. She started to roll her hips, gradually going faster, then slowing again, all the while trying to read Jaime’s eyes in apparent states of ecstasy. They must have mirrored her own. The alternate speeds made him groan and Brienne feel more daring.

She reached for his right hand and moved it up her side, under her camisole and placed it on her left breast. She didn’t feel the need to wear a bra, her breasts small and firm as they were, opting to wrap a shawl around her shoulders most of the day. Jaime’s other hand snaked up to cover her other nipple and she arched her back into his touch as he massaged her chest, using his palms, his fingers teasing lightly, then slightly more assuredly around and over her hardened nipples.

“Feels so good. ... Jaime,” she moaned. She knew she needed to pick up the pace before her father wondered what was taking them so long.

She covered her left hand with hers and leaned forward, bending her head toward Jaime’s ear. Brienne spoke as steadily as she could manage. “Come with me.”

Jaime sounded strangled. He moved a thumb to her sensitive clit, pressing rapidly, making sure to stroke the spot under the hood he knew she liked when he was using his tongue. Brienne convulsed. The erratic sound of her knees rubbing against the leather was drowned out as Jaime followed immediately, both erupting in choruses of “Yes! YES! Oh, fuck, YES!”

Brienne seated herself fully, letting her weight rest more on Jaime’s thighs as he wrapped both arms around her. She tried to regulate her breathing, wrapping one arm around the back

of his neck while running her fingers through his dirty blond hair with the other and placing slow kisses on top of his head. She was reluctant to part from Jaime, both because of the mess they'd have to clean efficiently and the loss of him inside her. While it scratched an itch, she didn't enjoy "quickies" or rushed encounters.

"Let's tell him tonight," Jaime voice was muffled in her chest. "It's torture to stay away from you."

Brienne leaned back to look him in the eyes, stroking the space from his shoulders to his jaw. His eyes were so green. Darker after they had sex. Calmer. Sometimes she felt she had to remind herself to breathe upon looking at him.

"It's not easy for me, either," she said quietly, contracting her muscles to squeeze around his softening cock. He grunted, encouraging her on as his hands rested on the small of her back. "You said you wanted to test the waters on your own. Let him warm up to the idea that his new business partner is partnering with his daughter."

This was a conversation they'd had a few times. Jaime was her father's business partner. He had bought in almost a year ago to expand the interests of Tarth Mable as well as to take some pressure of Selwyn Tarth. While the esteemed Evenstar of the island was in no way ailing, he felt he was slowing down and bit and wanted to ensure a smooth transition for when he retired, hopefully years from now. With some time to learn the ins and outs, Selwyn was confident that Jaime Lannister showed the interest and had the acumen to carry on the business, potentially with his only heir.

Brienne would inherit her father's company one day. But at 26, she was a bit too young and needed more refining before anyone off the island would take her seriously. At 40, with a background working for his family's gold mines, Jaime had experience and clout.

Their relationship had a bit of a rocky start, which morphed into something Brienne was still processing. They had agreed it was best to hold off telling Selwyn until Jaime had been with the company at least a year. That auspicious date could not come soon enough.

Brienne was wary and felt Selwyn needed to be approached carefully. He'd always been protective of his only living child, especially since her brother drowned young. She feared her father would side Jaime's age – he was 14 years her senior – as too big, accuse Jaime of wooing her for a bigger stake in the company or tell Brienne she was too inexperienced in affairs of the heart and didn't know what she was feeling. While it was true she had not had a serious boyfriend, Brienne had never wanted anyone the way she wanted Jaime.

For his part, Jaime had expressed that his father had long warned him of gold-diggers, women only after him for his money. Brienne feared her father might share the opinion that she was suddenly attracted to power. And technically, Jaime was kind of her boss, too. That made things a little sticky. It seemed more prudent to keep their burgeoning affection under wraps for now, until they could figure some more things out.

Brienne gave Jaime a quick kiss and carefully got to her feet. She handed him the box of tissues on her desk and rushed to the bathroom to clean up and arrange her skirt properly. Her undergarments went back on, too.

Jaime had cleaned up and greeted her with the thin throw rolled under his arm. “Better wash this when you get home,” he said with a mischievous look. He held her hand in the car, rubbing her knuckles with his thumb. She fingers enveloped his hand lightly. He was still recovering from breaking it while defending her honor at the annual marble convention in Kings Landing a couple months ago. She hated to see him in pain and preoccupied herself thinking about how to conduct herself at dinner. Brienne was always afraid her behavior would draw suspicion. Flushed skin. Darting eyes. Rumpled clothes. Unknown location. She tried to think of everything she needed to combat an accusation before they were ready.

“Back to business when we arrive,” she warned.

“Right,” Jaime said, feigning seriousness with a curt nod of his head. “No hand holding. No googly eyes. No playing footsie under the table.”

Brienne giggled. “What would happen if you accidentally picked the wrong foot and stroked my father’s toes?”

Jaime raised her hand to his lips and smiled. “I’d blame my wandering foot on the drink.”

“You don’t drink that much.”

“And you don’t smile that much. Gotta put your sulky mask on. ”

Brienne pouted. “That’s my default. I don’t put on a show for anyone.”

“We both need to put on a show for one more month,” Jaime said. “I’ll have been partner for a year. Sel will be relieved to be done finalizing next year’s budget. When he gets back from vacation, I’ll make him my next pitch.” Jaime raised his eyebrows at Brienne suggestively.

“For his daughter.”

#

Logically, Jaime knew buttering up his business partner and playing the long game was the way to go. He’d seen how Selwyn worked. He didn’t rush to act like Jaime was apt to do. Selwyn was careful and considerate, weighing all angles at length before making decisions. Something like proving his love for Brienne needed to be handled delicately. Jaime and Brienne agreed they had to give the appearance of going slow for her father.

Jaime still kicked himself for not doing better research when he came aboard. He knew Selwyn had a daughter. Knew his son had drowned as a child and his wife had died shortly after childbirth, along with twin girls. But he didn’t really think about the age or prowess of his remaining child.

The only family picture Selwyn had in his office was of himself and a gangly young girl looking at each other with ice cream cones in their hands. Selwyn was laughing, ice cream on his nose, and Brienne appeared to be trying to hide a smile with the back of her hand. It was a black and white picture, but Jaime could see her freckles everywhere, her mouth a bit wide for her face and sparkling eyes.

Selwyn often talked about how smart and accomplished his “starshine” was – a swim champion, a skilled horseback rider, someone who had caught mistakes in contracts and saved her father time and money with her keen eye and sound advice. Still, it didn’t occur to Jaime how old she was until she walked into the office early in his new business venture. She had an office, but he figured that’s because she was interning at the company or something and got her own space for being Selwyn’s daughter.

While Jaime had an office at the Tarth Marble home base – little more than a long building with a conference room at one end, a reception area in the middle which featured glass panels and a hallway with offices shooting off it – he hadn’t been there much. Checking on product lines and handling negotiations kept him at other locations much of the time. Tarth marble was highly sought after, the rarest pure white stone on the planet. It was often purchased for buildings, statues and gravestones.

Brienne had been pursuing a master’s degree in international relations, which required her to occasionally travel to Estermont for tests and to meet with her counselor. She also compete in triathlons when she could, and back-to-back commitments had kept her from meeting the new hire until he’d been there more than a moon’s turn.

Their meeting was hardly the cheery occasion Jaime had envisioned. When she walked in behind Selwyn one morning – with her short blonde hair combed to the side in a chic fashion, sunglasses perched on her head making her appear even taller than she was, and the bluest eyes Jaime had ever scene.

“You’re a woman!” he said in surprise.

The statuesque figure standing before him had frowned, her brows furrowed. “Yeasss,” she said slowly. “You were expecting a bear?”

Jaime shot her an unimpressed look. “No. It’s just that Selwyn always talks about his ‘starshine.’ The picture in his office is of a child. I knew he had a daughter, I ... I just thought you were younger. My apologies for my mistake. I can tell I’ve insulted you. I meant no disrespect.”

Jaime’s eyes darted to Selwyn, who looked a bit sheepish. “It’s good you’re back to stay, Brienne. Obviously, this is Jaime Lannister, the new partner I told you about.

“Jaime,” he said, stepping toward her with an outstretched hand. “My name is Jaime.”

Brienne hummed and reached to shake his hand. Her grip was strong as she gave his wrist one perfunctory tug. Jamie tried not to gape at her muscular arms. She had grown into her wide mouth and while she looked entirely too serious for a young woman in what he guessed was her mid-20s, Jaime couldn’t help but notice she was a presence. She was the same height as him, maybe even a bit taller, and possibly stronger, too.

“I trust he’ll do better research on our other accounts?” she asked, looking over Jaime’s shoulder to Selwyn.

“He’s doing quite well. You need to get back up to speed, too, starshine.”

She huffed a heavy sigh. “Not at the office, ok, dad? We talked about this.”

“Yes, yes,” Selwyn waved her off with a grin. “Force of habit.”

#

Jaime’s responsibilities as partner required him to go on trips frequently. His charm and experience made it easy for him to negotiate. His youth made it easier for him to travel than her father. While still in good shape, Selwyn found it harder to recover after a flight. He didn’t enjoy the process of taking off, landing, sleeping in hotel beds. His body was slower to respond and the fast pace wore on him. It was one of the reasons he wanted to bring Jaime in as a partner. He wanted to spend more time visiting the marble sites.

So there were not many times when they were all in the office together. When they were, everyone knew it. Jaime often made excuses to come hang out in her office, bringing her coffee, asking a mundane question, occasionally coming in with a legitimate query.

There was a time Brienne felt she breathed easier when he wasn’t around. She didn’t have to endure his sarcasm, his arrogance and his supermodel good looks when he was out representing the company.

Before long the silence in the office when Jaime was away saddened her. The whole office was livelier with him in it and she surprised herself when she realized she looked forward to the days he walked in the door. She heard her father’s booming laugh more when Jaime was around. She felt herself feeling things she hadn’t before. Unchaste things. But this was her father’s business partner! She tried to shake him out of her head, but Brienne found she liked talking with him, liked the way they teased each other and liked being complimented.

“Blue is a good color on you,” he said when she wore a royal pantsuit.

He was sincere. She could tell. Not like those idiots in college who made a bet on her who could bed her first and became so insistent on winning her attention she started taking birth control for fear of rape. She took it still, finding she liked how it balance her hormones and the added security it provided. She traveled by herself often and while she was confident she could take care of herself, you never know when you could be blindsided.

Jaime Lannister certainly took her by surprise. First, he was a good businessman. She admired the way he handled conference calls. He could be charming, biting and shrewd then back to friendly and bright in one conversation. He knew who to sweet talk, who to pander to and who needed to think Jaime’s idea was their own. She didn’t need to tell him how impressed she was – it would only inflate his ego, after all – but she took note. She could learn a lot from him.

She didn’t know the half of it.

The morning of the annual conference in Pentos, Selwyn threw out his back. He and Jaime were supposed to go together, but with her father suddenly in traction, Brienne was pushed to go in his place.



“I’ll be fine,” Selwyn answered her protests. “Goodwin will come over to keep me company, and the doctor will check on me AND I have the house staff. You’ll be fine, too. This will be good for you. I expect a complete report.”

But Brienne couldn’t give her father a complete report. If she told him about the obnoxious party from the Riverlands who suggested she could take all four of them on at once – in the bedroom, not the boardroom – he would probably worry this was all too much for her. He would probably rage. And the Tarth way had always been to make friends.

Plus, if she told Selwyn that Jaime punched her former college classmate Hyle for insinuating that she was spoiled and Jaime was someone “daddy had to pay to fuck his freak of a daughter”, well, that would reflect badly on Jaime, Tarth Marble and potentially Selwyn. Luckily it happened outside the send-off dinner and few people were around to see it. Anyone nearby would attest that Jaime tried to talk Hyle out of his delusion. “Hey, man, she doesn’t deserve that. Maybe you should sit this one out.”

What happened next, Hyle brought on himself. “You’re fucking her, aren’t you? Every time I see you, you’re looking for her or staring at her with big heart eyes. I saw you take that picture of her. You’re so obvious, old man. You should – ”

Hyle didn’t get to finish. But he had it coming. Hyle had tried to get her to go out with him as undergrads and he was one of the ones participating in the bet for her virginity. Now he was interning for the Tarly mines and the way he talked about her was infuriating. Before Brienne could retort or pull Jaime away, he had slugged Hyle Hunt, hitting him so hard he broke three bones in his right hand and left a welt under Hyle’s left eye. Not to mention the mild concussion he might have from when his head hit the sidewalk. A couple of co-workers mumbled apologies to Brienne before assisting Hyle and she turned to Jaime in fury.

“You don’t have to defend me!” she hissed. “I don’t care what people say. It’s not worth it!”

Jaime held his wrist, anger flashing in his eyes.

“He should not have said those things. He shouldn’t talk to any woman that way. You are the Selwyn Tarth’s daughter. You’ll own the company one day. You should be respected.”

Brienne softened slightly. What Jaime did was noble, if beneath him.

“I learned a long time that nothing Hyle says carries any truth,” Brienne said. “I would have warned you if I knew he would dare approach us. I didn’t know he was working for Tarly. I tried to avoid him whenever possible. Come on. Let’s get you some ice for your hand.”

#

Jaime quietly followed Brienne, who procured a bag of ice from the kitchen staff. He winced when they got to his room and she removed the ice bag to tenderly assess his hand. Brienne sat in a chair in front of him while he took a seat on a corner of the bed. He watched her mouth pulled into a frown when he couldn’t ball his fist.

“We should go to the hospital,” Brienne said.

“We’ll be there half the night and they won’t be able to do anything because of the swelling,” Jaime said. “It can wait until morning.”

Brienne brought him pain reliever and a glass of water. She sat back in the chair and sighed.

“What picture was Hyle talking about, Jaime?”

He looked at her sheepishly and stood up. “Oh, you remember. The one I made you take in front of that display slab of blue marble from the North. Here, you’ll have to pull my phone out of my pocket to see it.”

Carefully, Brienne pulled out Jaime’s phone and he sat down again. She had looked so stunning with the blue sodalite as a backdrop, the white veins running through the cold slab reminded Jaime of white foam waves on the ocean. He had been wanting to gift Selwyn an updated picture and it was the perfect opportunity. He had coaxed Brienne into taking a few shots, actually, since there were so many types of stone on display or all different colors. Brienne hated having her picture taken, exasperated by trying to find the right angle to downplay her slightly crooked nose and what she thought were too prominent teeth behind full lips. He shot a few candids she wasn’t aware of, eager to take advantage of her relaxed guard.

He gingerly pulled up the picture of her smiling in front of the blue marble slab and handed her the phone. He didn’t expect her to start scrolling through the others, of which there were many.

“Jaime,” she said in a perplexed tone. “Are you planning to make my father a collage? This is a lot of pictures.”

He shrugged, trying to downplay his desire. “I like them. You’re too hard on yourself. You looked incredible this week. Pentos agrees with you.”

Then he added quietly. “Tarth agrees with you. Hyle’s right. I find I can’t stop looking at you.”

Brienne looked at Jaime in disbelief. “You don’t have to compliment me, Jaime. I’m not daddy’s little girl you need to impress.”

He reached for her right hand with his left. “You said Hyle doesn’t tell the truth. I do. I don’t want to startle you or create any division between us. The truth is I like you. Really like you. If we didn’t work together, I would have asked to date you by now.”

Brienne didn’t pull her hand away, but she didn’t say anything right away, either. She rubbed her face with her left hand, stopping to cover her mouth and held it there, just looking at Jaime with wide eyes.

“If this is weird, we can forget I said anything,” Jaime said, though he moved his hand up to stroke her wrist with his thumb. “I value you, as a person and a businesswoman. I’ll keep my distance or give you time or – “

Brienne shook her head and lowered her hand to hold her throat. “You don’t think I’m too young? Or dumb or – “

“Gods no!” Jaime protested. “I was afraid you’d think I’m too old. You’re brilliant. You pay attention. You humor everyone – me, your dad, the barista who always spells your name wrong. You take care of so many things in the company. We’d be lost without you. I, I fear now I would be lost without you.”

Jaime kept his eyes on her the whole time. He exhaled when she smiled shyly. “I like you, too, Jaime. But I’ve never had a boyfriend. And you’re a partner. I don’t know what to do.”

Jaime stood up and pulled her up into him. Where he couldn’t feel his hand before because it had gone numb, now he just wasn’t thinking of it, of anything but Brienne. He wrapped his right arm around her back and pulled her face close to his with his left.

“I want to be your partner,” he breathed. “We’ll figure it out.”

# Private Scheming

## Chapter Summary

Sneaking around leaves Brienne red in the face and Jaime blue below the waist. Secret dating is fun, except when it isn't.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Brienne inhaled sharply. She did not know how to reconcile Jaime Lannister, her father's beautiful business partner, wanting to be with her. But here he was, standing in her space, holding her close, raising up to pull her bottom lip in between his.

He licked his lips and kissed her mouth, lightly at first, without seeking entry. When she returned the contact, he became more firm and used his tongue to coax hers open. Soon their kisses became more involved. Brienne tried to reciprocate Jaime's moves, sucking and exploring his mouth with her tongue, wanting to remember how he felt and tasted in her mouth, telling herself to breathe through her nose and stop thinking so much.

She didn't want the moment to end, wanting to do little more than kiss him. She had not been those close to a man, hadn't wanted to, and the reality of it was intoxicating.

It felt like whole bottom half of her face was tingling when they finally broke apart and she wished for that to last, too. Jaime pecked all around her mouth between words.

"I wasn't expecting to tell you how I feel. I'm not prepared. No condoms. There are other things ..."

"I'm on birth control," she cut him off. His face clouded in a range of surprise, relief and seemed troubled by her answer. "From college. Just in case. But I've never ..."

He pulled her closer. She could feel the hard length of him on her hip. Jaime kissed her cheek and whispered in her ear. "I haven't been with anyone in years. No STDs. If you're sure ...?"

She nodded. This was unexpected, yes, but Brienne felt comfortable with Jaime. The way he held her, tenderly but with such strength. The way he kissed her. She didn't think she'd ever be in the position but she was happy it was with Jaime.

"What about your hand?" she asked as he fumbled to remove her clothes. "I can hardly feel it," Jaime said with a smirk. "If it hurts, it will be worth it. I have another hand."

Brienne unbuttoned his shirt and helped ease that sleeve off his hand. He pulled down her panties, stroking the sides of her legs and slowing kissing his way back up. He alternated

sides, pecking and licking his way back up. Brienne thought he might stop at her crotch, but he only hesitated, breathing her in and making a soft noise in his throat.

Jaime proceeded to kiss and lick up her body, paying attention to her navel, her evident abs and the underside of each breast. She wanted him to stop there and grasped his head to her chest. But he kept coming up, finding his words again as he stood upright and she helped him unbutton and unzip his dress pants.

“I want to kiss every freckle with my lips.”

He kissed her mouth.

“My tongue.”

He kissed up her jaw to her ear.

“My hands.”

Brienne thought she might cry. She took deep breaths, running her hands along Jaime’s toned arms, his neck, his chest, hoping she was encouraging him to continue.

“I’ll be so good to you,” he choked. “I’ll make you feel so good.”

Brienne held his face and looked into his eyes. “I know you will.”

They crashed into each other. Hands everywhere. Jaime managed to pull back the comforter and top sheet and keep a hand on her. They knelt in front of each other, Jaime kissing her neck with his right hand in the small of her back and his left squeezing a breast, his thumb running back and forth over the nipple.

Brienne felt like her skin was electrified. She couldn’t stifle her whimpers and bursts of pleasure. She cried out his name. She kept telling herself to breathe and follow his lead, kissing wherever she could reach. His shoulder. His neck. She thought of how she wanted to massage his chest, lick her way from his nipples to his navel and back, make him crazy like he was doing to her. Everything seemed to be moving too fast.

She slowly trailed one hand down his stomach and reached for his erection. He jerked and grunted, but she ran her fingers down to the head. She could feel the veins and wet tip. She was soaking, she knew and moved to guide him into her.

Jaime grabbed her hand and used his chin to nudge her onto her back. He held both hands over their heads and settled himself on top of her. Brienne felt every inch of him covering her and reveled in his weight on her body. She squirmed until she felt him fit between her legs. They looked in each other’s eyes as she nodded and spread out for him.

Jaime pushed in slowly and they both gasped. He pulled out slightly and kept up the tentative thrusting, whispering to Brienne to relax and finally reaching down to pull her right leg up around his hip. That helped and then he was fully inside her. Brienne expected pain, but it passed quickly, something else she would be mystified about later.

She felt herself pulling him in further. Her walls constricted and Jaime cried out. Bursts of “Yes!” and “Brienne!” proceeded him moving with her like waves on the shore.

Brienne couldn’t speak. She wanted to say she was close. She wanted to say “more” and “Jaime.” She held him tight, gripping his back and savoring the feel of his stomach and chest moving against hers.

And then she convulsed. She felt as though she had turned to lava. Every part of her throbbed, but especially her cunt. Jaime jerked inside her, again and again. Brienne felt tears running down her face from the elation. She was overwhelmed in the best way and wrapped both legs behind Jaime’s ass to hold him in.

He opened his eyes to meet hers and they smiled. They slowing came down from the high, kissing and caressing. Eventually he pulled out and Brienne felt spent. Jaime laid on his side, one leg flush with others, the other wrapped over her. He propped up on an elbow and stroked her face with the other.

“You’re amazing,” he said. “How do you feel?”

Brienne didn’t have a word for how she felt. Her smile widened. “Incredible. Shaken. In need of a bath.”

Jaime smiled broadly. “That we can do.”

#

It would have been more favorable to tell Selwyn upon their return that they wanted to be together. Jaime debated about what he would say or if he should have Brienne tell her father she was not only interested in an older man, it was his hand-picked business partner. Maybe it would be best to tell him together?

But when they got back, Selwyn’s back was not only still stiff and sore, he was distressed about part of a cave entrance falling and not being able to go see it. No one was injured, but the opening needed to be secured and Jaime and Brienne needed to oversee that in his stead.

Until he was stronger, they decided to wait. The company was in a bit of crises mode and they were forced to snap out of their blissful state and maintain professionalism. Then there was the budget to work on and they decided getting through Jaime’s first year would be safer.

Keeping everyone unaware of their relationship became a sort of game. Publicly, it was business as usual. Jaime was impressed at Brienne’s poker face. She was so good – giving him a dubious eyebrow raise when he cracked a joke in a meeting and shooing him out of her office so could concentrate – he almost wondered if she was still mad at him for teasing about having a secret hot young girlfriend. Joking that she had daddy issues earned him a scowl and being denied post-coital shower access.

Then he winked at her in the hallway and her face flushed, a small smile on her lips and he was reassured. Privately, they were a team and he lived for those breaks.

He didn't know Brienne had it in her to quickly palm one of his butt cheeks as others walked out of the conference room in front of them. He found himself taken by surprise almost daily as she found an excuse to touch his elbow, go to pick lint off his collar and pat his collarbone or slyly run her hand across his lower back the moment before her father rounded the corner into Jaime's office. It was an exquisite kind of torture.

Jaime got her back by sending filthy texts when he knew she was in conference calls, complete with eggplant, peach and honey emojis. Only he could tell when her cheeks pinked before she covered them with her hands, feigning frustration at a piece of information. He reached out to run his finger along the inside of her wrist as they walked past each other, never breaking stride. He stuck his tongue out salaciously behind Selwyn's back when no one else could see.

Being out of town was its own kind of torture. On occasions Jaime was gone, they relied on cell phone communications and talked about how they ached for one another. He convinced her to describe all the ways she was going to use her tongue on him when he came back and he moaned her name as he took himself in hand. It was amazing to Jaime how addicted he felt to her touch. Her eyes drew him in like a magnet and he had to work extra hard not to look directly at her in Selwyn's presence.

Since Brienne still lived at home, spending the night at each other's place was not an option. They did start spending more time together. Selwyn wouldn't be suspicious of them going for runs together before work as they were both dedicated to their fitness. He didn't know their reddened faces wasn't totally from the exertion of running but the fevered making out they did in a secluded spot, hidden by trees, dunes or one time a tube slide at a park playground.

It wasn't so unusual that they would be interested in seeing the same movie, a convenient excuse to escape the pressures of the job. Selwyn seemed pleased they were getting along better after the convention and smiled when Brienne said she would be home late. He didn't wait up, so he didn't see his daughter's swollen lips and undone hair, the product of Jaime's kisses and hand running through previously coiffed 'do throughout the movie. She let it grow out a little so she could easily pull it into a ponytail when necessary.

Selwyn was so preoccupied that if he thought to ask how the movie was, he accepted Brienne's brief assessment that it was "good" or "loud" or "interesting", not knowing that she was remembering the action in Jaime's car afterward and not the story on the screen.

Brienne told Selwyn she was going to pick up ice cream one night and Jaime met her in the store parking lot. He parked away from the entrance so they wouldn't be seen when she pulled in next to his car. He moved casually from his driver's seat to her passenger's, smoothly leaning over the middle console to feast on her lips.

"I nearly came in pants twice today thanks to you," Jaime growled when they broke apart. Brienne yanked him back to her by the lapels of his shirt. For someone as young and inexperienced as she had been, Brienne learned quickly. She always made him feel wanted. It was exhilarating, for both of them. While she had confided that she never thought anyone would want her, Jaime told her in words and actions that he had never felt so loved or loved so deeply.

That admission, and the many “I love yous” and orgasms at his place while Selwyn was hours away, on an overnight stay with acupuncture therapy sessions schedule for the evening and next morning. The isolated incident only strengthened their resolve to inform the patriarch as soon as possible. Jaime counted down the days to his one-year mark.

“I can only tell him I debated on which flavors to choose for so long,” Brienne said, gasping for breath as she leaned her head back to give Jaime access to her neck.

“I hope you brought a jacket to cover the bruise I’m going to leave on your neck,” he warned before he lightly sank his teeth into the crook of her neck, sucking her skin and moving his hand to cup the inside of a thigh.

Brienne moaned “a hoodie,” and humored him for a moment, trying to memorize the feel of his beard scratching her skin and not the growing arousal in her sweatpants. It would be so easy to let Jaime reach his hand into her waistband and get her off with his fingers. But there was no time. Reluctantly, she raked her fingers through his hair and pulled him back gently, tilting her head to kiss his face. He groaned.

“Please tell me chocolate brownie ice cream is the way to his heart and you’re going to tell him you’re wildly in love with me between bites,” Jaime pleaded. “No one can be unhappy eating ice cream.”

Brienne smiled patiently, something that Jaime could not get enough of and planted quick kisses all over his face between words. “I. Am. Madly. In. Love. With. You. Muah! And his favorite is coffee with toffee chips. I thought you were going to broach the subject next week over drinks at his favorite pub. Boys night out to toast your successful first year at Tarth Marble.”

“I am, I am,” Jaime grumbled. “It’s too far away.”

“We’ve come too far to let it blow up in your supermodel-like face now,” Brienne answered, appeasing her satisfied secret boyfriend. “Come on. Help me pick out a couple pints.”

#

Later that night, Brienne was curled up on an end of the couch with a book while Selwyn sat in his recliner watching an old black and white movie and sipping whiskey.

“Brienne?” he said as the credits rolled. “You like Jaime don’t you?”

Brienne took a deep breath. Where was this going? “Yes,” she said slowly. “He cares about the company. He’s energized the clients and brought fresh ideas. He’s been a good partner for you, better than I could have imagined.”

“What about you?” her father asked.

Brienne narrowed her eyes and pursed her lips. “What about me?”

“You two have spent some time together. Would you date him?”



Brienne was speechless. Had Selwyn guessed? Was this a trick?

“D-date your business partner? That seems icky, doesn’t it? Like, nepotism or something?”

Selwyn scoffed. “It’s not playing favorites or any other conflict of interest,” he said. “I was just thinking you handled the Tully account so well together. I swear, if I go looking for him, he’s in your office. And I’ve never seen you enjoy anyone else’s company like you do Jaime’s. When I see standing near each other, you even look good together. He gifted me that stunning picture of you. You’ve not posed like that for any other photographer.” Selwyn gestured with his hand, kind of a half shrug. “I was just wondering if you’d be interested. It would be ok with me.”

Brienne didn’t know what to say. It was possible Selwyn was fishing for the truth, but he seemed genuine. He didn’t care about Jaime’s age or his position in the company. He was giving her the blessing Jaime had been aching to ask for. Brienne decided to tread carefully.

“Actually, he has asked to go out,” Brienne lied. “I thought it was under the guise of talking business at first, but he seems disappointed when I say I don’t think that’s a good idea. You know my history of judging people’s actual intentions isn’t stellar.”

Selwyn’s eyes widened. “Jaime would never!”

“No, he wouldn’t,” Brienne said, rushing to defend him. “I know that. I think he would like to ask me out, actually and it’s tempting, but I was unsure. I was worried about your reaction.”

“Oh, starshine,” Selwyn said. “If you think you can stand to see more of each other outside the office, go for it! I would be happy to see you happy. Jaime is a fine man. I think he would treat you right.”

Brienne smiled and reached for her father’s hand, her eyes misting. “I think so, too. I just, I don’t want to jeopardize the company. I don’t want things to be weird.”

“You worry too much,” Selwyn said, patting her hand. “You are a strong, capable woman. I’m so proud of you. I know you approach everything so responsibly. Live a little.”

Brienne wiped her eye, which was threatening to drop a tear. “Thanks, dad. He’s a little old-fashioned, though.” She straightened and donned a serious expression, trying to imitate a formal gentleman. “Proper and traditional.” She relaxed her broad shoulders again. “He cares about your opinion. I think he’d want your blessing, too, before he actually approached me with such an overt proposal as dating. Let him come to you, ok?”

Selwyn smiled and nodded, patting her hand. “It’ll be our little secret.”

Reading smutty J/B scenarios is clearly harder than all you geniuses make it look! I just wanted to contribute to the cause. I am clearly out of my element. I thought too much about the story and let the work hours of two jobs keep me from developing it in print. I hope it's better late than never!

I was most interested in this prompt but am too unpracticed with fiction writing to write a cute little one-shot. In my mind, I needed to explain too much, set the scene. I struggled with achieving a playful tone and fleshing out things like appearances. I toyed with the idea of Selwyn knowing about their secret and just letting them continue to see what would happen, but ultimately decided to let them be that convincing. I hope you're not too disappointed, especially @downlookingup! My absolute admiration for all of you who weave more smoothly-flowing stories. You are brilliant and I appreciate you so very much.

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